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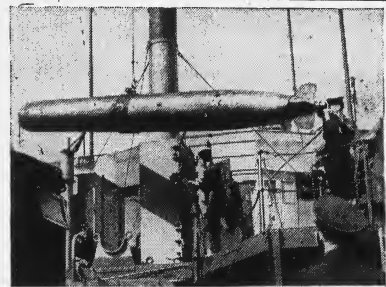
VOLUME 21, No. 13.

THE JOURNAL, COLEMAN, ALBERTA THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1942

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APPLY TO THE JOURNAL
FOR SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION
RATES FOR MEN IN THE
ARMED FORCES

Torpedo Practice Aboard British Submarine Training Ship



Magnificent work is being done by submarine personnel of British and Allied navies during the present conflict. In Britain more and more submarines are being built to beat the German at his own under-sea game, while increasing numbers of volunteers for this hard, dangerous service are undergoing training at various naval bases. This picture shows a practice torpedo being hailed aboard ship after being fired during the training of submarine recruits, somewhere off the coast of Britain.

Successful Pass Music Students

In the last issue of The Journal there was reported the successful music students of the Pass who took the music examinations for the Royal Schools of Music, London, England. The following report is a list of the successful students who took examinations recently held by the Toronto Conservatory of Music in Blairmore, and arranged in order of merit.

PIANO—Grade X: Pass, Kathleen Turner.

Grade IX: Honors, Donald F. Graham.

Grade VII: First class honors, Elsie Arrolo; Pass, J. Stanley Kirk.

Grade VI: First class honors, Patricia Evans; honors, Frank Hosek.

Grade V: Honors, Elaine Korman; pass, Jean Thewlis.

Grade IV: First class honors, Barbara Millett.

Grade III: First class honors, Lorene M. Hobson; pass, Mary Bath.

Grade II: Equal honors, Josephine Aristone, Ronald Colagrosso, Lorraine Van Maarian; equal honors, Kenneth Seaman, Christine Smith; honors, Lillian Robinson.

Grade I: Honors, Lloyd Drake; pass, Dorcas Atkinson.

VIOLIN—Associateship: A.T.C. M., first class honors, Frank Hosek.

Grade IX: First class honors, Elsie Arrolo.

Grade II: First class honors, Stanley Kanik; equal honors, Peggy McPherson, Terry Corsigan, Milian Danco, Lloyd Duke.

Grade I: First class honors, Valeria Martinek; honors, Frank Mascara.

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Thanks for Parcels

During the last few days a number of letters have been received from the boys overseas, the forces, acknowledging the receipt of the much appreciated parcels sent recently by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion, L.Cpl. G. W. Burchell, of No. 6 Canadian Construction Company, says: "Received your parcel yesterday and thanks very much for it. Everything you sent comes in very handy. We get one coupon a week for soap and it is so small that it does not last long. The weather is warm now but it does not last, too much rain for me. I also received the cigarettes from the Legion yesterday. One package was lost coming over last month. Thanks again for the parcel and give my regards to the boys—a cheerio."

Sgt. W. S. Vollendorf, of No. 3 Company, Canadian Forestry Corps, says: "I received the parcel to-day. Many thanks. It makes one feel good to receive gifts from your home town. I am sure that every parcel received by the Coleman boys overseas is appreciated. Here is wishing you the best of health. Thumbs up. V for victory. Yours very truly." P.S. "I go to Aberdeen quite often on week-ends."

Cpl. M. McMullen of the Pilot Models Mobile Laundry, 1 R.C.O., writes: "Received parcel to-day from Ladies' Auxiliary, B.E.S.L. Many, many thanks. Everything came in good condition. Thank you again. Yours truly."

Pte. Macquarrie, of A Company 1st Canadian Scottish Regiment, writes: "I received your very welcome parcel just a month after it was sent. It included the things I needed most, and I hope the rest of the boys get theirs as quickly as I did. Thank you very much. Sincerely yours."

And Sgt. L. C. Richards of the 13th Field Company R.C.E., in his letter to the Legion thanking the ladies for the cigarettes adds the following: "I'm receiving the cigarettes quite regularly, and speaking for myself and the rest of the Coleman boys in my company, we give our heartiest thanks; and give our best regards to the Ladies' Branch for the parcels which they have so kindly sent. In closing I remain, Yours sincerely."

Not only are the boys overseas grateful for these parcels, but our local community is grateful for the splendid work of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Farewell for Mrs. Clifford

Tuesday afternoon, July 21, from 3 to 6, Mrs. Harry Gardner held a formal tea for her mother, Mrs. M. Clifford, prior to her departure by bus Wednesday afternoon for an extended visit to Eastern Canada and the United States. Mrs. Clifford, who has spent many years in the teaching profession, and the later years at Coleman, carries with her the good wishes of her many friends here. Enroute to Ontario, she plans a visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. MacKinnon, of Maple Creek, formerly of Coleman. Her route will be by Minneapolis, Chicago and Windsor. Members of the family reside at Dresden, Hamilton, Port Colborne, and she will make her home at the latter town.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. J. Kerr entertained at tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Pte. Frank Fraser is home on leave from Calgary.

Mrs. Robt. Holmes is gradually recovering from a severe attack of muscular rheumatism.

Miss Ellen Fry and sister, and Miss Helen Gates are holidaying at Lethbridge this week.

Miss Margaret Carmichael, of Blairmore, is spending the week end as the guest of Corinne Fraser.

Mr. John Anderson left Friday morning with the Balloch family for a two weeks holiday at Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Greenhalgh left Sunday for a two weeks holiday at Nelson, B.C., and Arrow Lakes in Arrow Park.

Mr. C. Thornton, of Lethbridge, who has been relieving at the local bank during the past three weeks has returned to Lethbridge.

Pte. Mike Antonenko, of the Veterans' Guard at Fernie, spent the week-end with his family at Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Clark, sr., returned from a month's vacation spent at Pentleton, B.C., where they visited their daughter.

Mrs. Murdoch, sr., of Bassano, Alberta, is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mudrock.

Lenore Morgan, of Pincher Creek, the granddaughter of Mr. William Haysom, is spending the summer holiday months with her relatives here.

Mrs. H. T. Halliwell entertained at two tables of bridge, Thursday last. Honors went to Mrs. T. Webster, Mrs. S. B. Ryan and Mrs. J. McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. William Halstein accompanied by Miss Marion Banning, left Sunday to holiday with relatives on a farm near Sylvan Lake.

Mr. Neil MacKinnon, who has been quite ill during the last two weeks, left on the afternoon bus Monday to spend a few days in Calgary.

Sunday about a dozen men from the Pass of the reserve army detachment under Morris Cooke left for a two weeks training period at Sarssee Camp.

Mrs. E. Raiz, of Lethbridge, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Irwin. LAC E. Raiz spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. Irwin prior to leaving for Toronto.

Alex. Easton along with his able helpers are making rapid progress in the construction of his new house on Fifth street. The construction of this new home will much improve the appearance of this section of town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Grant, of Coleman, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Fay Isabelle, to Ernest Harrison, the fourth son of Mrs. C. Harrison and the late Mr. Harrison, of Blairmore. The marriage will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Korman accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Collier left by car Wednesday for a two weeks vacation to the coast. In the absence of Bert Collier, Mr. William Park, of Lethbridge, will be in charge of Ironside and Parks Cleaners.

Miss Corinne Fraser celebrated her birthday by entertaining five other girls, namely, the Misses Margaret Carmichael, of Blairmore, Lenore Morgan, of Pincher Creek, Louise Aboussay, Lenore Dufour, and Frances Dibble, of Coleman, at a dinner party at her home on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. John Roach Cousins and young son, John, now of Edmonton, have been spending a holiday at her parents' home in Coleman during the last two weeks, and on Saturday accompanied her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Brown, who were motoring to Edmonton to spend a holiday of two weeks.

Pte James William McDicken on leave from Halifax to his home and family at Erickson, B.C., took the bus from Lethbridge, Thursday morning in order that he might spend a few hours with his mother, Mrs. Robt. Holmes, before continuing on the midnight train on to his home.

Mr. Joe Fauville, has purchased the H. Brown residence.

Pte. Mike Korman is spending his two weeks furlough with his wife and relatives.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Moratio on Wednesday, July 15, a daughter.

Mrs. M. Cousins is visiting with Mrs. L. C. Richards and Mrs. Kolber.

Patricia Fraser is spending a holiday with her grandmother at Lacombe.

Mr. Alex. Beck left Tuesday afternoon by bus to visit friends at Pincher Creek for a few days.

Ralph Anderson left Sunday to take up his duties for the C.P.R. at Consul, Sask.

Miss Florence Johnston left Monday to spend a week with friends at Natal.

Pte. Jules Ancelet, of Calgary, returned to camp after spending a short furlough with his parents.

Miss Sonia Holly and Miss Helen Kibik are spending a vacation at Todd Creek, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kubik.

Mr. and Mrs. John Riva and daughter, of Kimberley, B.C., are visiting at the home of Mrs. M. Squarcello.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McBurney and Mr. and Mrs. W. White motored to Calgary for a short holiday during the week.

Mrs. L. C. Richards has received word that her husband has received a promotion in rank from corporal to sergeant.

Mrs. J. Shields and daughter are visiting in Calgary for a week, the guests of her other daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. McLaughlin.

Tom Brennan was successful in joining the R.C.A.P. as a wireless operator. He will leave shortly for Edmonton where he will begin training.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rippon spent a few days with their daughter, where Lorraine remained as a guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robinson, Jimmie returning in a couple of days.

Miss Hueneichen has been relieved from her duties at the local hospital and Mrs. Harvey Murphy becomes a permanent member of the staff.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Colombo, E. Salvador, O. Salvador and Agnes Kinnear were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Salvador at Creston, B.C., over the week-end.

Rev. A. E. Arrol, of Blairmore, will have charge of the services at St. Paul's United Church, Coleman, each Sunday night at 7 p.m. during August.

Billie Milley accompanied Jimmie Allan to Calgary last week, where Jimmie remained as a guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Robinson, Jimmie returning in a couple of days.

Tom Goldring was one of the class at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Clearholm to receive Wings last Wednesday, and The Journal extends congratulations on his achievement.

During the early part of the week the hospital had a sharp decrease in the number of patients. Tuesday, Mr. Jack Bell, Mrs. Joe Forcy and Pete Mervonnik were released.

Mrs. Gladys Thomson and her son, Ian, left early this week to visit friends at Pincher Creek for a week, and then they will go on to Calgary to continue their holidays for a couple of weeks.

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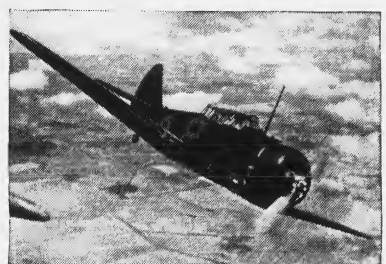
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Australia On The Offensive: "Wirraways" In Mass Production



Under pressure of war, Australian armament industries have made enormous strides. The Commonwealth's aircraft industry is now on a mass-production basis, large-scale development of the country's natural resources supplying many of the raw materials needed to speed up aircraft manufacture. Picture shows a "Wirraway" advanced trainer, capable of use as a dive-bomber—one of the many types of aircraft now being mass-produced in Australian factories.

Soldiers' Letters

The Journal has just received a couple of letters from the boys overseas.

2nd Battalion, R.C.E. 215/42.

The Coleman Journal:

Just a few lines to let you know that I have moved to a new place. I have been getting The Journal every week until I moved. It will catch up to me though. Would you please put my new address on the paper? I will get it a lot faster then.

I have met quite a few Coleman boys since I have been over. They are all looking well. I am the only Coleman fellow in this battalion. I am getting along fine. The country is very pretty over here, but I haven't felt warm since I have been here.

I must close now, wishing everybody the best.

Mel. Cousins.
Somewhere in England
10/6/42.

The Journal:

Just a few lines to let you know that The Journal is coming in fine now and mail also. Reports are that one of our ships went down and we lost 1,000 bags of mail and 1,708 bags of parcels. This was all posted on our orders, so it's true enough. Therefore all our mail around there and at that time went down. I was down and met Jimmy Lloyd and had a good chat with him, and he saw Krywolt and Daly and Jimmy Anderson over here. Mel. Cousins and Frenchy Marconi are with Jimmy Lloyd, but I did not see them in person, though I was at their camp. I am taking the Journals down to him to-morrow night all going well. I received seven all at once and I got one this week.

There are just Davey Neway and Bill Russell and myself in this camp now, but we keep watching the in-drafts for more Coleman lads.

Well, thumbs up and hello to all!

Pte. Caroe L.A. M28429

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Special Meeting of School Board

A special meeting of the Coleman school board was held in the council chambers Tuesday evening at which the resignations of the following teachers were accepted: Misses Ethel Dunlop, Edna Fairhurst, Kathleen Milley and Ethel Wilson.

The following applications were accepted from teachers who will become permanent members of the teaching staff, beginning their duties at the opening of the Fall term: Misses Reta Ash, Bella Godfrey, Virginia Janostak, Aline Mercier, Gladys Moores, and Ruth Sudworth.

WEDDINGS

KROPINAK - MICHALSKY
A wedding of interest to Coleman residents was solemnized at the Holy Ghost Catholic church, Saturday morning, July 18, at 10 o'clock when Helen Monica, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Michalsky, was united in marriage to Albert Joseph, son of Mr. Mike Kropinak and the late Mrs. Kropinak, by Rev. Father Sullivan.

The bride entered the church with her father who gave her in marriage, wearing a white bridal veil and carrying a bouquet of carnations and roses. A sister, Wilhelmina, and Hazel Kropinak, were her attendants and carried bouquets of snapdragons, while John Kropinak, a brother of the groom, and William Galtak, supported the groom.

The happy young couple, both residents of Coleman, will make their home here.

During the service Mrs. Mauer presided at the organ and Mrs. Irwin sang appropriate hymns. Following the service a reception was held at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hazuka.

SHANNON - DERENZO
A quiet wedding took place at the United Church manse on the evening of Tuesday, July 21, when Joan Derenzo and Albert Shannon, both of Blairmore, were united in marriage. The witnesses were Victoria Konyersdo and Frank Skino. The young couple will reside at Blairmore where the groom is engaged in the truck business.

HUSS - SUDWORTH
A quiet wedding of much interest to Coleman citizens was solemnized at Vancouver Tuesday, July 14th when Alice, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sudworth, was united in marriage with Conrad Huss, formerly of Coleman, but now engaged in ship building at the coast. Mr. and Mrs. Huss have comfortable apartments at Vancouver and we wish the happy young couple every happiness and prosperity.

MAKES YOU SMILE
Classified ad. columns contain many demands of surprising character. Here's one: "Man to operate beverage room on shares, town near Trenton, must be military exempt and non-drinker." Tut, tut!

The idea of telling a man to get employment he must be a total abstainer from that which he sells to others! Such narrowness belongs only to "temperance cranks and fanatics."—Brampton Conservator.

Cigarette Fund Notes

This week acknowledgment cards were received from Father J. T. Dunbar, J. Panek, George Evans, Lawrence Caroe and a letter from L. C. Richards expressing thanks to the Cigarette Fund committee and its supporters for their monthly supplies of cigarettes.

London Opinion: A Kent man reports that one of his hens has laid an egg in his piano. He has received an urgent request from the manufacturers of the instrument to quote this fact in their advertising matter.

Two Men WANTED

to repair fences and build stone wall at the Coleman Schools. Applications to be sent in to the secretary of Coleman School District No. 1216, by Monday, July 27th, 1942.

G. LEES,
Secretary.

St. Paul's United Church, Coleman
Minister: J. E. Kirk

Sunday, July 26,
11 a.m. morning worship. Arrangements are being made to have the Air Cadets parade at this service.

12:15 p.m. Sunday school.
We welcome you at these services.

Portland Oregonian: The Government tells us not to worry, that we'll always have plenty of clothes, such as they will be. But we aren't worrying. We always have had plenty, such as they were.

POSSIBLE ESTABLISHMENT OF INDUSTRIES IN THE WEST TO MAKE USE OF SALVAGE STORES

Ottawa.—Study of the possible establishment of industries in western Canada to make use of salvage stores accumulated there is advocated in a report of a war expenditures sub-committee tabled in the House of Commons. Transportation costs have prevented the movement of this salvage to the eastern market, the only one available, and the government and industry have been compelled to subsidize the movement of scrap metal, scrap rubber and waste paper, the sub-committee said.

"The situation speaks for itself, there exists here an unhealthy economic condition," it added. Collection of 25,000,000 pounds of scrap rubber indicated that Canada had enough scrap rubber supplies for at least a year.

The sub-committee is headed by P. J. Sissons (Lib., Peace River) and made a survey of salvage operations by various government organizations. It said it is "clearly wasteful and not in the national interest that this (western) salvage should be in normal times and under normal conditions be without a market."

The sub-committee held there could be no finality to an inquiry into wartime salvage due to new developments. Salvage operations would be even more important after the war.

Considerable co-operation between existing salvage organizations was noted, but the sub-committee recommended an arrangement for conferences between the various agencies to examine, among other subjects, instances of duplication and new sources of salvage, and to ensure maximum co-operation and co-ordination.

Inquiry was made as to why tires from all pleasure cars were not being taken. "The answer was that the bulk of the rubber in a tire for reclaiming is not in the tread but in the carcass and side walls on which there is little wear," said the report.

"After the tread is worn off 80 per cent. as much reclaimed rubber is secured as would be secured if the tire was taken when new. As most tires when thrown aside are about 10 per cent. worn the average loss is about 10 per cent."

COMMITTEE HAS SUBMITTED A REPORT ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR WEAPONS IN CANADA

Ottawa.—A House of Commons sub-committee headed by Lionel Chevrier (Lib., Stormont) reported that the gun production branch of the munitions and supply department has done a "magnificent job" in manufacture and production of weapons, but recommended changes in gun inspection systems and in relations with contractors. Report of the sub-committee, which functions under the war expenditures committee, was tabled in the house.

In brief, these are the recommendations it made:

1. Duplication and overlapping which it found in the inspection of guns should be eliminated;

2. The Canadian inspection should be put on "the same basis" as that prevailing in England under the existing urge of wartime necessity, instead of being predicated on the peacetime British system, now changed;

3. A complete system of spot inspection and final inspection of the completed article should be set up—and the sub-committee said that if this recommendation were accepted several thousands inspectors could be employed elsewhere in the production of guns, and hundreds of thousands of gauges could be taken from the inspection branch and used profitably in other branches;

4. Studies now undertaken in the small arms branch to bring about reduced costs through design simplification and elimination of non-essentials, should be extended to heavier guns;

5. Main contractors should be required to sub-contract items where possible, and the facilities of the industry and sub-contracting branch, designed to speed war materials manufacture by obtaining the maximum use of existing facilities, should be used for such purpose;

6. No machine tools should be provided for any prime contractor where it is known an unused capacity of machine tools of the required type exists and can be economically and efficiently utilized;

7. An educational program of the industry and sub-contracting branch should be expanded to explain to the public the necessity of having work placed where it can be produced efficiently rather than being placed for the purpose of relieving economic distress.

Old machine tools were restored and special fixtures added in order to do precision work. "As a result, machine tools costing \$30,000 to \$40,000 each have been replaced by mass production tools at a cost of 25 to 30 per cent. lower," the report said.

U.S. FARM BILL

Washington.—Final agreement was reached on the long-disputed \$680,000,000 farm bill after the house of representatives finally backed down and decided to permit sales of government-owned wheat at below parity.

Buy War Savings Certificates.

HEADS STAFF BOARD



Major-General Maurice Pope, above, will be chairman of the new joint staff board in Washington made up of three senior officers representing the chiefs of staff of Canada's three fighting services. Major-Gen. Pope, 52, will represent Lieut-Gen. Kenneth Stuart. He has served on the staff at Canadian military headquarters in London and as vice-chief of the general staff in Ottawa.

BRITISH ARSENAL

Supplies Armies With Weapons On Every Front

London.—The BBC disclosed that the King and Queen have toured a secret British arsenal so big that in two hours they were able to see only 1-30th of it.

The BBC said: "Here in Britain the King and Queen have been shown over an enormous secret arsenal, somewhere in the northwest of this country, which supplies our armies on every front with more than 160,000 different pieces of equipment."

"It's probably one of the biggest military stores in the world, employing thousands of soldiers, A.T.S. girls and civilians. In a tour lasting two hours, Their Majesties could see only 1-30th of the buildings."

"They inspected guns of every type and size, including great numbers of anti-tank & tankers. Anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns were being carefully packed up for transport to the Middle East, and a long trainload drew out of the depot soon after their visit."

SUPPLY ASSURED

Plenty Of Munitions Being Made By Britain And America

London.—Sir Andrew Duncan, minister of supply, assured the House of Commons of a "growing sufficiency" of munitions in a speech which climaxed the second and final day of debate on war production.

"We at least have reached the stage when the total volume of our own efforts does not raise any serious point of doubt, and with the combined resources of America and ourselves we are assured of a growing sufficiency," he said.

Of guns, he added: "I do not think there ever has been any question that we have kept ahead. Today the army have more six-pounder anti-tank guns than they had two-pounders a year ago."

The recently-improved Valentine and Matilda tanks, he continued, "have given excellent service in Russia and Libya and now that we have established quantity in tanks and in experience, we can establish quality."

Conservative Sir Patrick Hannon, replying in debate to what he called "stupid, ill-informed" criticism of war workers, said "the output per human unit in this country in war production is the highest in the world."

GIFTS FOR BRITAIN

Supplies From U.S. To Britain To Be Diminished

London.—In a letter to President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill asked that the flow of individual gifts and supplies from the United States to Britain be diminished to save shipping space for war materials.

To this end the foreign office announced that hereafter cargo space would be allocated only to direct consignments through the American Red Cross to the British Red Cross and Women's Voluntary Services, and through the British War Relief Society to the Personal Service League.

The abrupt halt of what Churchill called "the brotherly flow of materials" to individuals and unauthorized groups represents another notch in the tightening of the British belt.

It will not necessarily mean hardship, however, since the principal effect will be on shipments of luxuries and non-essential supplies which formerly supplemented the food and clothing rations of many of the British people.

Canadian Smoke-Eaters Visit Houses Of Parliament



In England to study blitz fire-fighting methods, this party of Canadian firemen is shown outside the House of Parliament in London during a tour arranged by Sir Jocelyn Lucas who is a part-time fire-fighter himself. With the firemen in the group are two United States army nurses; a new Zealand airman; a Canadian airman, and a Dutch sailor.

Opens War Relief Drive For His Country



General Hsiang Shih-Pei, leader of a Chinese military mission to the United States, pictured with Mrs. Wendell Willkie, as the general opened a three-day China war relief drive at Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. Mrs. Willkie is pinning a flower on the smiling general's coat.

Journalist's Son Wins Wings



S.L. de Carteret, deputy minister for air, congratulates Sergeant Owen O'Leary, of Ottawa, after presenting him with the wings of a full fledged pilot during graduation exercises held recently at No. 2 Service Flying Training School, Uplands, Ontario. Sergeant O'Leary is a son of Grattan O'Leary, distinguished Ottawa journalist, and Mrs. Grattan O'Leary.

AIR RAIDS AGAINST GERMANY STILL BELOW PEAK OF STRIKING POWER TO BECOME DECISIVE

London.—Devastating as it has been in spots, Britain's air offensive against Germany still is short of expectations and still below the peak of striking power it must—and will—develop to become a decisive factor, air experts said.

The appraisal of these sources who would not permit their names to be used, is based on the 47 nights since the R.A.F. opened the Allies' second front in the air with the mass attack on Cologne last May 30, the first of three 1,000-plane raids on Germany.

The R.C.A.F. co-operated on three-figure plane assaults. Associated Press tabulations show that beginning with the Cologne raid the R.A.F. has made about 8,750 bomber trips against Germany in fulfillment of Prime Minister Churchill's promise to erase Nazi industry "city by city."

Only two raids with 1,000 or more bombers—against Emden and Bremen—have been made since the Cologne assault but air sources say they left these cities so devastated they can make little, if any, further contribution to Germany's war effort.

The air offensive, made at an announced cost of 261 bombers up to July 16, is regarded by informed sources, however, as below expectations.

They said they believed the high hopes raised when the mass bombing of Cologne thrilled the United Nations appeared premature and "realistically" attacks on industry in central and eastern Germany must wait for longer nights of autumn.

These experts agreed that three reasons explain the R.A.F.'s failure to keep up the 1,000-plane pace:

1. Exceptionally bad weather—air officers say the nights must be "pretty nearly perfect" or else targets are obscured and fog impedes the huge bombers taking off and landing on home airfields.

2. Drain on the bomber command by operations elsewhere—the campaign in Egypt, the threat to India. These are said to have diverted heavy bombers earmarked last winter for this summer's raids on Germany.

3. Failure of the Allied air forces to produce a long-range fighter cap-

able of escorting heavy bombers over targets in daylight attacks.

Thus, it was said, the R.A.F.'s scale apparently does not yet mean relief for Russia.

Soviet sources here appreciate the immense damage bombers have dealt to German war plants but, in the opinion of one:

"Only British and American soldiers fighting on the continent of Europe under the protection of their bomber and fighter fleets will divert German troops from the eastern front."

An R.A.F. commentator described two prime aims of Britain's bomber blows as:

1. The destruction of all industry supplying Nazi armies on the Russian front.

2. The curtailment of the Nazi submarine menace in American waters by smashing the U-boats in construction and at home bases.

Towards these ends, the Ruhr area, which forges much of Germany's armament, has been hit five times since June 1—once with 1,036 bombers.

Bremen arsenal of the U-boat fleet, also has suffered heavy attacks, with more than 1,000 planes in the heaviest of them.

More daylight raids such as the recent far-flung stab at Danzig may help stem the flow of German armor eastward. This was in line with the R.A.F.'s long-standing bombing policy but such flights can be made only under special conditions, such as the cloud cover which cloaked the 1,750-mile round trip flight to Danzig.

IN HOME WATERS

Japanese Probably Keeping Main Fleet Concentrated In North Pacific

London.—The main Japanese fleet probably is concentrating "in Japanese home waters" in the North Pacific as a result of the Coral Sea and Midway battles of May and June, official circles said.

The Japanese probably will keep their big ships there until they have "consolidated" their positions after the aircraft carrier losses they have suffered, these circles said.

BRITISH AND DOMINION YARDS BUILDING SHIPS AT RAPID RATE TO BOLSTER STRENGTH OF FLEET

London.—How British and Dominion shipyards have increased British destroyer production tenfold and have added to the British fleet more than 500 warships of all classes since the war began was revealed by H. C. Ferraby, BEC naval commentator. This means that new British warships have rolled into the water on an average of one every other day since the war started.

Ferraby said that of these ships, some 100 were ordered or under con-

struction when war broke out. The others are new, and many have included radical changes in design and building which have resulted from lessons learned in the early stages of the war.

"In one class of warships alone: destroyers, of which we're told we can't ever have enough, British and Dominion shipyards have already delivered no less than 160 in the last 30 months. That's a ten-fold increase over peacetime figures, and a fact which the men of these British and Dominion shipyards can well be proud of."

"But that is only part of the story," he continued. "On top of this ten-fold increase in destroyer production the yards have been able to turn out 190 corvettes—a type of ship on which construction was just starting in 1939. Corvettes have been delivered at a rate of nearly seven a month, a large share of the credit for this being due the Canadians."

"This is a part of Britain's all-out war effort about which little is said," Mr. Ferraby said. "Hitherto information concerning ship building has been kept secret to all but a handful of people."

Pointing out that in 1917 and 1918 British shipyards turned out 2,500,000 tons of new merchant ships, in addition to warships, Ferraby said Britain's current merchant ship production must be at least comparable with this, and that the first lord of the admiralty indicated in a recent speech that it was even better.

"Another aspect of shipyard work that we don't talk about at all is the repairs to damaged ships. There's been a lot of this and they've been made in record time."

He said that the 500 warships which have been added to the British fleet, unfortunately, not been net gains. Since start of the war the British navy has lost 17 cruisers, 78 destroyers, 38 submarines, five capital ships and four aircraft.

Portland Oregonian: The White House is amazed at the illiteracy turned up by the draft. After 10 years of government by alphabetical agency, 433,000 young Americans don't know their A B C's.

"The Voice of Coleman"

-- EDITORIAL PAGE --

Punch: A correspondent says her butcher's boy has been called up and his younger brother now delivers the fish and vegetables in his place.

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This inscription can be found on a 500-year-old tombstone at Church Combe, Essex, England, and is prophetic of the present crisis:

When pictures look alive with movements free,
When ships, like fishes, swim below the sea,
When men outstripping birds can soar the sky,
Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall be.
—Cranbrook Courier.

THE COLEMAN JOURNAL

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

It's a Small Price to Pay for Victory (by an English Author)

Two years before the war my wife and I rented, in a pleasant, countrified garden suburb, a cottage built early this century by a famous architect in the style of an old English cottage, the kind that might have been left by the Pilgrim Fathers when they sailed in the Mayflower: plain, brick walls inside of distempered cream; oak beams overhead; a deep, wide red-brick inglenook; oak doors with wrought-iron latches; red-tiled hall, dining room and kitchen; bedrooms with sloping timbered ceilings; and casement windows looking out on a pleasant garden full of apple trees and old-fashioned flowers. It was no modern mock-Tudor "palace," such as the real estate agents used to advertise, but a quiet, restful reproduction.

We are fond of antiques, and we took to it, among other pieces, a Cromwellian chest of drawers in old oak. When the dealer found it for us it was covered with Brunswick black but he bleached this off and my wife polished the oak until the chest was "alive," some Chipendale chairs, a Queen Anne mahogany chest of drawers, a century-old yew-tree table, my oak desk, carpentered in 1700, and so on. Our modern settee and arm-chairs and other furniture my wife covered with flowered linen and chintzes, to match the house, and hung chintz curtains in the casement windows.

I had an absorbing editorial job which brought me \$4,500 a year, and was contributing to an office pension scheme so that I could retire at sixty-five. My wife looked after the house, tended the garden (she added an allotment to "dig for victory" when war began), played golf, and did a good deal of social work, mainly as working chairman of school committees which see that children are well fed, and help them, on leaving school, to go into work in which they will be trained, instead of blind-alley jobs. She also ran girls' clubs, taught dancing and dramatics, and so on. I wrote a play and produced it with her girls one year. A pleasant life—and it might reasonably have gone on.

But the Nazis broke loose and ran amok across Europe. The first casualty was my job. I left to do government work at a salary \$1,250 a year less than I had been earning; and, of course, bang went the pension scheme. Still, I was told I was "much too old" for the army, and not physically fit anyway, so it was the best thing to do. Incidentally, counting the extra income taxes imposed during the war, my net salary today is about \$1,800 less than it used to be.

One night in September, 1940, early in the Battle of Britain, Jerry came over and dropped five large time-bombs round our home, so we couldn't get back. We just had to wait to see what happened. And something certainly did happen.

Five nights later Jerry came over again and dropped fifty incendiary bombs in the lane in which we lived. Forty-nine of them fell in the road, in gardens and on the allotments opposite. One fell on a house—our cottage. The district was evacuated. The warden to whom we had given our keys for emergency use was away (one of the time-bombs was twenty feet under his sitting room!) and so was the neighbor to whom we had given another key. The water mains were smashed too, so that when the fire brigade arrived all it could do was to draw a drop of water from a tank some distance away and spray it on the adjoining house to prevent the fire from spreading.

From Books to Burned Leaves

Result—nothing left of our cottage but four cracked walls; no clothes, except what we were wearing (and we weren't far away, so we had taken little more than pajamas and tooth-brushes); no books (our library of 2,000 was strewn in burnt leaves over the garden); no anything. Well, that was that.

Three days later my wife took an unpaid job in the Women's Voluntary Services. Today, she's Center Organizer in one of London's slummiest boroughs, working seventy-five to eighty hours a week. She's worked through one winter's blitz, and one night fed nurses and patients dug out of the debris of a bombed hospital. The school which formed their temporary shelter rocked the whole time to the blast of high explosives. Now she's preparing for the next blitz.

Meanwhile she runs welfare work in a big tube shelter; administers locally the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund; organizes 300 women to darn soldiers' socks; aids in evacuating children; collects for national savings; makes comforts for the troops, and a hundred and one other jobs. She wears a uniform—a good thing too, for if she didn't the usual woman's excuse of "nothing to wear" would be almost literally true. Neither cash nor coupons are sufficient to replace her lost clothes, though now and again I do have the privilege of seeing her out of uniform and in one of the two or three dresses she managed to buy after what we always refer to as the "affair."

Through the blitz we remained with relatives, sleeping in a protected basement. Now we're in a furnished apartment, little more than a tiny one-room studio, for which we are paying the same rent as we paid for our cottage. I call it the Birdcage.

The debris of our home has been cleared from by arrangement with the landlady we are still looking after our old garden. It's some distance away so we can't do it properly. We've had to give up the allotment because we hadn't time to do that.

So, whenever we get the chance, we go over to the old place and dig the garden, prune the roses and clear the weeds. Sometimes we picnic on the lawn with our backs to the ruins. Last year we kept the little Birdcage in flowers right through from May to October: bunches of forsythia, clumps of grape hyacinth and scilla, bunches of daffodils and narcissuses; great sprays of heavenly blue delphinium and lupin, vases of marigold from the mound with which we covered our air-raid shelter (now filled with water, useless, anyway, without a house), clumps of Michaelmas daisies. Now, we've started again; and the Birdcage has been bright with this spring's narcissuses.

Despite marauding small boys, we managed to collect most of last September's apples—welcome in these days of fruit shortage.

Well, here we are: lower income, no real home, no furniture, just enough clothes to keep us going, rationed food, continual work—night duty as well as day duty. We've got an assessment for our compensation to be paid after the war. This will be less than the books, clothing and furniture cost us, and much less, compared with what replacements will cost after the war.

There are thousands like us; many worse off with husbands, wives or children buried under bombed homes; with husbands or sons somewhere out East or braving the German Flak every night to raid Jerry; with limbs amputated, and so on. There's the old lady my wife knows, for example; husband and son killed, home bombed, and at sixty-five odd she works about sixty hours a week in a factory, making munitions.

Quoth the Blackbird
The pear tree outside the Birdcage window (we look out on someone else's garden) hangs heavy with white blossoms in the sunshine as I write. Yesterday, while we were digging in our own garden the blackbird who used to sit on top of our apple tree was still there singing the same tune he always sang when I was digging.

"You'll feel it," he warned me cheerfully, "you'll feel it"—and I did.

Germans and Japs cannot smash that. There's a lot more they cannot smash. Memories, for example; real values which will still be here when the barbarian has trampled past.

A friend who's lost nothing told my wife she would be proud to have lost what we have in the cause of freedom. Well, I cannot pretend to feel that; yet one day I may. But how small is one couple's loss beside what we shall gain with victory! Yes, it's a small price to pay for victory.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MEN CALLED FOR MEDICAL EXAMINATION

When a recruit receives his notice to take a medical examination to ascertain whether he is medically fit for military training, he must go before a doctor within 3 days for his examination as the notice informs him. It would be wise for him to ask the doctor whether he has been placed in Category "A" for no one is being called for service at present who is not placed in Category "A". If he is placed in Category "A" and desires a postponement of his training he must apply in writing to the Registrar of the War Services Board at Edmonton within 8 days of the date, not the receipt, of the notice, stating the reasons for his application. If he is employed by another, the employer should support the application. If there is such a delay in the notice reaching him that he cannot take the examination and make his application within the specified time he can and must send in his application not later than the day he takes his medical examination. He need not and should not apply in person at the Registrar's office. His failure to make his application as and within the time specified will probably result in his failure to secure a postponement, however deserving he may be of such postponement, for the Board is forbidden to grant a postponement within fourteen days of the date at which he is subsequently notified to report at the military training centre. The provisions apply to every one including farmers who are entitled to postponements for they are so entitled only if they apply as stated.

The delay in the notice reaching the recruit is in nearly all cases due to his failure to comply with the regulations requiring him to notify the registrar of any change

of address, the result being that the notice may travel from post office to post office before it reaches him. Under the regulations not merely must he notify the Dominion statistician, which most of them do by going to the post office and signing a postal card which is furnished there, but he must also notify the registrar of this division and his failure to do so may result in his being deprived of the right to receive a postponement and in addition will render him liable to a penalty under the regulations.

In all cases in which a farmer applies for a postponement he should not only send in his written application but he should fill in all the answers to the questionnaire sent him and have the facts certified by some one in authority

who has personal knowledge of them, and forward it with his written application. The observance of these regulations will avoid disappointment for they have the force of law and the Board must see that they are carried out. The Board is required to send a specified number of recruits to the training centre and on the specified days and after the list is made up and the notices sent out it is too late to make changes, and it is useless to make applications then for the Board is forbidden to grant them.

When a postponement has been granted and a further postponement is desired, it is essential that application be made within the time specified in the notice advising of the postponement, whether a farmer or not.



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Portuguese Bullfight Brilliant Pageant Without Any Blood Being Spilled

This is the 17th in the series of stories about a trip to wartime Britain and return, by way of Portugal. They are written for the weekly newspapers of Canada by Hugh Templin, editor of the Fergus News-Record.

I have already written something of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. This week, I add some more. Frankly, what I write is colored by my point of view. Perhaps I do Lisbon an injustice.

An excellent guide book, published by the Government of Portugal and presented to me with the compliments of the Minister of Propaganda (for they call a spade a spade in Portugal), says:

"Lisbon is enchanting. It is a city at once ancient and modern, with wide avenues bordered by magnificent houses and crowded with swift motor cars. There are streets of steep steps in front of houses of many-colored bricks, one another confusedly, while between them passes a motley crowd in typical costumes—fishwives, bare-legged but wearing golden necklaces, women carrying jars of water on their heads in classic pose."

True enough, no doubt, but my diary tells a different story. Up to that time, it had been full and complete, as readers may have guessed. But for the week in Portugal, it is brief. It says: "Saturday, October 10th, to Friday, October 16th—The terrible week in Lisbon. Disliked it from the start. Saw bullfight on Sunday, October 11th. Sick on Tuesday and stayed that way till Exhibition sailed on Friday—and for four days more."

And that, except for two pages of notes on the bullfight, is all. But I need no notes to bring back memories of Lisbon. They keep coming back, even in my sleep, and nearly always as nightmares.

All in the Point of View. Yet it is all in the point of view, apparently. To thousands of people from Nazi-dominated Europe, Lisbon in those months and for some fifteen months before, was the symbol of liberty and comparative safety. Some of them gave up everything they had except their lives, to reach the city. Uncounted hundreds probably lost their lives trying to reach it. Lisbon was the only point of contact with the free world—with the United States, and to some extent, with Great Britain. During the voyage across the Atlantic to New York, I was to hear at first hand the stories of some of these refugees. Not till then did I learn what Nazi domination really means. For those poor people, Lisbon was literally the doorway out of Hell.

I didn't look on Lisbon in that way. To me, it was but a port of call on the way back to the home I was anxious to see as soon as possible. When I learned I would have to wait ten days for a plane across the Atlantic, it was a shock. With the seven other Canadian editors, I began to haunt the offi-

ces of Pan American Airways, and later, those of American Export Lines. I stood in line with other refugees and became one of them. Would I get out of Portugal before the Germans arrived? I wondered. Would the United States be forced into the war while I stayed on in Lisbon waiting for the Clippers that were so slow coming?

I had just come by plane from Britain. The trip had its dangers, but they were of the exhilarating kind. A few nights before, I had come unscathed through a bomb raid and had marvelled at the way free people took those things. There had always been some danger in those days and nights in England but the people were of my own kind, and it had seemed a good place to be.

In Portugal, the very air was different. I knew not a word of the language and little of the customs. An unusual number of policemen were to be seen everywhere. One could buy lottery tickets on the streets, but could be arrested for using a cigarette lighter.

Portugal has a benevolent dictator, a Professor Salazar. He has done much good, they say. But there must be times when he quails at the magnitude of the job ahead of him. The people are desperately poor; many of them have deadly sicknesses. I had been warned not to drink the water in Lisbon, or even clean my teeth with it. Distilled water was sold in five-liter bottles for that purpose. Nobody warned me against all raw fruits and vegetables. It may have been a lettuce salad, or perhaps a bunch of handsome grapes that finally sent me to bed, quite ill.

But it may have been partly the fear that comes from being watched day after day by enemy eyes. The new Hotel Victoria swarmed with Germans, one of them said to be the head of the local Gestapo. I had to turn over my passport on arrival to the International Police. I never did find out who constitute that body, but I knew the passport said I was travelling "on official government business." The Germans knew that. Only once in the whole week in Lisbon did I feel really at ease, and that was the night the people in the British Embassy gave us a dinner at the British club. It was a grand old building and inside its thick walls one could talk freely.

The Bullfight a Bright Spot. To Canadian readers, it must seem strange when I say that the bullfight I saw in Lisbon provided some recreation.

Truly, I never expected to be seen at a bullfight, and on a Sunday afternoon, of all times. It took some time for the idea to sink in. B. K. Sandwell and I walked up the Avenida da Liberdade on a Saturday afternoon, dodging the hawkers who tried to press lottery tickets on us, and looking at the sights. The huge, colored posters advertising the bullfight fascinated us. They bore some resemblance to fall fair posters back home, but they had pictures in brilliant colors, of toreros and raging bulls. Slowly, we translated the posters—or thought we did. The top line was clear enough "8 Bravos Torros." "8 Brave Bulls." And then the time and the place and the price, which was only 15 escudos or less than 75 cents for box seats. But the line that really fascinated us was down near the bottom, "6 Torros Disembollos." We shuddered over it. "Good gosh, Templin," said Mr. Sandwell, "it must be a bloody spectacle if they are going to disembowel six bulls."

Back in the hotel, others of our party had other details. They said the bulls weren't killed. It was all just pretend. But it was the national sport, something like hockey. We shouldn't miss it. Besides, a young Portuguese Army officer, who spoke excellent English, would accompany us to explain the fine points. One of the crowd had already arranged for two boxes for the party.

Lisbon's bull-ring has a magnificent setting. The taxicab turned out of the broad Avenida into a beautiful park. In the centre rose the great, circular bull-ring, a tall structure in fancy Moorish architecture. People were getting out of cars all around it, while hundreds of others came off the street cars or on foot.

The Portuguese Lieutenant found the proper door and we began to climb up and up on concrete stairs. It reminded me of the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. It was an other typical "hockey crowd," mostly fairly young people, a few families with the children accompanying the parents. They were a happy, excited lot.

The box seats were up at the top, on the shady side. Lisbon is a hot place. The temperature in the daytime ran about 85 degrees. Seats in the sun cost about half the price of those in the shade. We sat on chairs in a large, uncrowded box. Nearby, various prominent



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families occupied their own boxes. The family coats-of-arms showed on bright cloths hung over the railings in front.

Down below were the cheap seats, around a perfectly circular ring with a sandy floor. Over on the sunny side, a band played unknown airs. The place, seated about 15,000 and was fairly well filled, though there was a big counter-attraction that day in a smaller city nearby, with nearly twice as many bulls.

On the Side of the Bulls. The Portuguese bullfight, as it turned out, is not a bloody spectacle, but rather a pageant. Horses and costumes are beautiful and even the bulls look impressive as they came on at first, snorting and occasionally pawing the sand. But no blood is spilled, no animals are killed and no person gets hurt, though that was merely because the bulls failed to follow up their advantages, while they came. It was less cruel than a rodeo, much less exciting than a junior hockey game, less dangerous, apparently, than senior rugby football.

The costumes were beautiful, all covered with gold braid on bright colors. These were toreros, who fight on foot, using a capa or cape to attract the attention of the bulls. Chief of these is the matador, the man who kills the bull (in Spain) or uses a wooden sword and pretends to kill the animal, in Portugal. The mounted bullfighters are caualeros. Sometimes there are other men who wrestle with the bulls and throw them. These are forecaes.

A bugle blows and the excitement begins. There is a sort of grand parade—two caualeros on splendid Arab horses and several groups of toreros in brilliant yellow and deep-plum colored velvet suits with gold braid.

The trumpets blew again. The ring was cleared. A gate at the left opened and a black bull with brass balls on his horns came rushing in. Another gate across the ring opened and a horseman entered, while toreros jumped over the fence into the circle.

After his first rush the bull had lost his enthusiasm. The toreros waved their red capes at him and he charged them, while they neatly side-stepped, or turned over their capes to show the yellow side, whereupon the bull lost interest. But he didn't like the horse and charged for it. The caualero held what looked like two tiny spears, with bright ribbons on the ends. As the bull charged, he turned his horse, leaped towards the bull and neatly planted the barbed ends of these banderillas in the fatty part of neck. The spears broke off near the points, leaving ribbons hanging on the bull's neck. The bull looked angry, rather than hurt, but he didn't press the fight

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until the men with the capes stirred him up again. Six darts, in all were placed in his neck before the caualero took a wooden sword, and all alone in the ring now, made several attacks on the bull before dealing what might have been a death blow with a real sword. The crowd, understanding the fine points, booed cheerfully when he missed and cheered when he succeeded. Then the trumpet blew again as the referee, sitting on a pedestal, signalled that the fight was over.

The horseman rode away, bowing and smiling. The bull looked around and saw no one. The gates opened, and a herd of six skinny, trained steers, each with a huge cowbell on its neck, came into the ring and encircled the bull and he trotted off with them, the herd driven by two little boys in bright costumes.

There was one more fight on horseback and six on foot. They tended to grow monotonous. The sympathy of the Canadians was all with the bulls, which didn't want to fight. Once a bull had his chance. A torador slipped and fell on the sand. The bull immediately stood aside until he got up.

But the Portuguese don't ask the bulls to fight more than once. They retire after one public appearance. Perhaps that's just as well. The bull, back in the pasture field, might get to thinking, "Now, if I had only run at the man instead of that red rag." And if any bulls get ideas like that, it might end bull-fighting.

There remained one mystery. How about those "torros disembollos"? We asked the young Lieutenant and he laughed heartily. "Why," he said, "We Portuguese don't disembowel our bull. It means, how you say it? Oh yes, 'six disabled bulls'. You see the ones that fight the horses have brass balls on their horns so they can't tear the horses' flanks the ones that fight the men have no balls on their horns."

So that was that!

Inactive Conversationally
Mrs. Jones: "Why, it's disgraceful how Mrs. Brown carries on at the sewing circle."
Neighbor: "Is she an active member?"
Mrs. J.: "Oh, no! She just sits there without saying a word—and sews!"

WORLD HAPPENINGS
BRIEFLY TOLD

A lend-lease agreement has been concluded between the United States and Iceland, it was announced at Reykjavik.

U.S. army headquarters announced that Maj.-Gen. M. W. Clark now is in command of all American ground troops in Britain.

The Vancouver police commission will study creation of a squad of a dozen trained policewomen to handle war-aggravated types of crime.

Hal Roach, veteran film producer, has been ordered to active duty as a major in the photographic division of the U.S. army signal corps.

Sugar from the United States appeared recently in stores at Moscow and Muscovites began buying generous quantities on their regular ration cards.

Possibility of the construction of another airport in or near Edmonton to cope with expected heavy traffic, is being discussed in aviation circles.

Local draft boards were directed by United States selective service headquarters to postpone induction of married men with dependents until all other sources of manpower for the armed forces have been exhausted.

Miss Edith McKenzie, president of the Women's Amateur Athletic Federation of Canada, left Winnipeg for Washington to take a position with the British purchasing commission there.

Conquerors Of Egypt

Land Of The Pharaohs Has Been Invaded Many Times

There have been many conquerors of Egypt. The Ethiopians swarmed over the land of the Pharaohs in 720 B.C. The Assyrians overran it in 670 B.C. and the Persians 145 years later. They were followed in 332 B.C. by Alexander the Great, who founded Alexandria. And in 30 B.C., after the suicide of Cleopatra, the Romans established their rule.

Nearly seven centuries later, the Arabs conquered Egypt and dominated it until the Turks marched in in 1517. Then Napoleon, in 1801, sought to wrest it from the Turks by attacking Alexandria but was thwarted by Lord Nelson's fleet. The British themselves went in by the same front door in 1882. Newsweek, New York.

Sundress Or Jumper



BY ANNE ADAMS

Join the conservation corps and make this dual-purpose Anne Adams dirdl, Pattern 4113. Alone, it's a sundress; worn with the blouse, it's a jumper outfit. Buttons in back.

Pattern 4113 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17. Size 13, sunfrock, takes 2½ yards 35 inch fabric; blouse, 1½ yards 35 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (a mps cannot be accepted) for this A. e. Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number and send orders to the Anne Adams Pattern Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

Anticosti Island, largest in the St. Lawrence, is twice the size of Long Island, N.Y. The St. Lawrence River is more than 80 miles wide near Anticosti Island. 2473

Salvaging Steel Girders

Tanks Built From Debris Of British House Of Commons

Expert London wreckers, working with a derrick eighty feet above the mass of debris that was the House of Commons, are still salvaging tons of steel girders.

The Clerk of Works for the Houses of Parliament keeps an official log. For the night of May 10-11, 1941, it runs:

"Sunday, May 11. Air raid in night. House of Commons destroyed. Law Lords corridor hit. Small bomb through House of Commons chamber. Small bomb in Custodian's stores. Captain Elliot killed (Resident Superintendent of the House of Lords). Turist at southwest corner of Royal Court hit. Two fire watchers killed."

Fortunately the 600-year-old beams of Westminster Hall were only slightly damaged. Big Ben, although its glass is gone, is still going, as listeners in the United States and Canada to broadcasts from London will know, hearing its thunderous tolling of the passing hours.

The Speaker's Chair and the table on which stood the historic dispatch boxes in the Commons are still buried beneath tons of masonry, and no one will know what historic treasure remain till a complete clearance of debris has been made.

Meanwhile, four tanks built in part with a good deal of the remains of the debating chamber of the "Mother of Parliaments" will soon be rolling off the production lines of a war plant to carry to the enemy their roar of defiance and revenge.

New Fireproof Glass

Floats Like Cork And Can Be Sawed With Ordinary Tools

Pittsburgh Corning Corp. reports it has started production of a new type opaque glass, composed of myriad tiny cells, that floats like cork and can be sawed or drilled with ordinary tools.

The product, known as foamglass, weighs only ten pounds for each cubic foot—one-fifteenth the weight of ordinary glass. It is odorless, fireproof and vermin proof and possesses insulating qualities, the company said.

Its cellular structure gives the glass its buoyancy and insulating properties. It will not absorb water and it will remain afloat indefinitely.

The company, jointly owned by Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. and Corning Glass Works, has had the product under development since 1938 and recently started manufacturing it in a new plant in western Pennsylvania.

It is produced by firing ordinary glass which has been mixed with a small quantity of pure carbon. At proper temperature the glass softens and the carbon turns into a gas which then acts upon the molten glass in much the same manner as baking or yeast in making bread. Through exercise of controls, a rigid vitreous slab, in which cells are uniformly small and entirely sealed one from another, is obtained.

Will Pool Resources

Australia Agrees To Share Vital Supplies With United States

Australia has become a party to an arrangement for the pooling by the United Nations of all available copra, coconut oil and palm butter, the Melbourne radio reported.

The broadcast said supplies will be allocated on an agreed formula to the nations needing these products.

Commerce Minister W. J. Scully said the commonwealth government will buy and ship all the supplies allocated to Australia. Copra buying by private interests will automatically cease. The munitions department will control the use of all copra and coconut oil imported by the government.

MADE GOOD ROAD

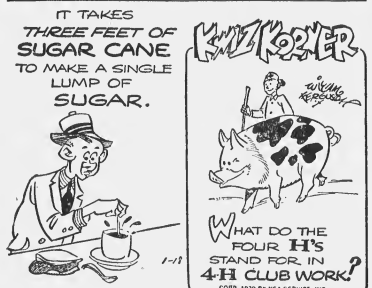
A strip of "cotton road" laid in South Carolina more than 12 years ago and exposed to usual traffic conditions, has required no repair attention and still is in excellent condition.

Learning To Handle A Parachute



Air Observers at No. 5 Air Observer School, Winnipeg, receive instruction in the proper care and handling of parachutes prior to going into the air for the first time.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



ANSWER: Head, Heart, Hand, and Health
The earth, which is slightly flattened at the poles, would become spherical if it stopped spinning.

CANNOT BE STORED

It is important to get vitamin C daily since it cannot be stored in large quantities in the body. This means at least one serving every day of tomatoes, raw or canned, or tomato juice, raw cabbage or orange or grapefruit if available.

A whale's skin varies from two inches to two feet in thickness.

HORSE-DRAWN TAXIS

L. E. DeYoung, Dartmouth, N.S., is modernizing his taxi business. His shiny new Landau, pulled by a stately pair of dapple greys, was put into service, replacing an automobile with worn out tires. DeYoung says he has more horses on order.

The Moslem University of Al-Azhar in Cairo, Egypt, was founded in 970.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT



"I can't understand it, officer, when I play golf I can't hit anything!"

By Fred Neher

Claim Rich Region

Indians Launch Suit Against U.S. Government Over Alaska Territory

Claiming title to virtually all of south-eastern Alaska, an Indian "nation" has launched a suit to recover \$35,000,000 from the government for lands and fishing rights appropriated by white men.

The claimants are the Tlingits, who contend that the Czar of Russia recognized their title to Alaska's most populous region, which includes the cities of Juneau, Ketchikan, Skagway, Petersburg and Wrangell. The United States recognized the title, the Tlingits contend, in the Treaty of Cession in 1867.

The region contains rich mining developments, myriad fishing sites and canneries which form the territory's major industry.

Difficult To Prove

But Allied Naval Authorities Believe Spain Refrains Axis U-Boats

Allied naval authorities are now convinced that Spain is aiding the Axis submarine campaign in the Atlantic. They claim that fuel for submarines is being brought from Germany and Italy to Spanish ports and there transferred to Spanish ships bound for American waters. Then, far at sea, these ships rendezvous with Axis submarines and refuel them. When questioned, as has happened several times, the Spanish skippers claim they were high-jacked. Though the ruse is transparent, it is admittedly difficult to prove a violation of neutrality. Newsweek.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JULY 26

NOAH: GOD'S COVENANT WITH MANKIND

Golden text: I will remember my covenant, Genesis 9:15.
Lesson: Genesis 6-9.
Devotional reading: II Peter 3:8-13.

Explanations and Comments

Noah Receives God's Blessing and Admonition, Genesis 9:1-7. A new start for humanity was to be made. The desolated earth was to be replenished with people and animals, and over the latter man was to have dominion. He might use animals for food as well as for other services. But he must hold human life sacred; must not shed human blood.

God's Covenant with Mankind, Genesis 9:8-11. The idea of a covenant between God and his people runs through the Old Testament. Even man living in the most primitive conditions understood a covenant as a mutual agreement of some sort. In Genesis 6:18 we are told that God promised a covenant, now we are told that God established his covenant not only with Noah and his posterity but with every living creature of the ark. By this covenant God promised never again to destroy all flesh (which here includes animals) by a flood. Moffatt's translation of verse 9 reads: "I now ratify my covenant with you and your descendants," and of verse 11, "I ratify my compact with you, that whosoever shall all living creatures be swept away by the waters of the deluge, that never again shall there be a deluge to destroy the earth."

Not only in these primitive stories which we are studying but in many parts of the Old Testament God is spoken of as if dwelling apart from the earth and appearing now and then in mercy or in wrath; but in the New Testament we learn that God is imminent in the world, ever present, ever powerful.

The Token of the Covenant, Genesis 9:12-17. The token of the covenant, the reminder and guarantee of the promise, was the bow in the cloud. The rainbow was a token just as the white rose which the Earl of Lincoln gave each year to the king was a token that the former held all his greatest estates from the Crown. "Whether the bow was originally regarded among the Hebrews as the war-bow laid aside, and so as the sign of averted wrath and effected reconciliation, or as the bond which joins heaven and earth, God and man, somewhat as the heavenly ladder of Genesis 28:2, is not readily to be determined. In any case, in the text it is the symbol of God's covenant of friendship with the earth, established by him, the sign of his grace and favor, and the pledge of peace."

MAGNESIUM

Magnesium is the lightest of all structural metals; and yet over 1,000 pounds of this metal is used in the production of one average-sized plane.



SUN BATHING

A warning against too much sun bathing is given by Dr. Norman Wong, in an article in Health Magazine, organ of the Health League of Canada. Dr. Wong, demonstrator in dermatology, University of Toronto, discusses facts and fallacies about the skin.

The chief function of the skin is to protect and cover, but "Equally important, however, are its functions of heat regulation, of elimination of sweat and of acquainting us with our surroundings through its sensory nerves," he declares.

"The skin is admirably suited to resist harmful physical agents such as heat, cold, drying, wetting abrasives and minor violence." Dr. Wong points out. "If this were not so, humans could not live in the tropics, the arctic, on the desert and in the water. Fats and oils can be applied to the skin and will lubricate and soften, but are not absorbed. The skin can not be nourished or 'fed' by rubbing in a cream any more than a piece of leather can be 'fed' by oiling it. Vitamins added to skin creams are practically useless in their effect." Our skin resists chemicals extremely well, according to Dr. Wong, with the exception of such rare chemicals as mustard gas. It also resists remarkably well the invasion of most bacteria encountered. Pimples and boils are purely local skin infections, he declares.

It is dangerous to have too much sun, although "our skin offers fair protection against the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Tanning is an effort on the part of our skin to protect us further, and, the negro has the most protection of all against the sun's rays. Sun bathing, in moderation, is very healthful and undoubtedly increases our resistance to infection, and is a sure prevention of rickets. However, the vogue for sunbathing is undoubtedly as harmful as moderate sun-bathing is healthful. Severe sunburn can make a person as ill as a heat burn, and sunstroke is not uncommon here."

"In Australia," Dr. Wong states, "where sun bathing is almost a religion, the amount of skin cancer is greater than anywhere else in the world." He concludes: "Fair people must use discretion and moderation in their sun-bathing."

BOYS MUST REGISTER

Parents of schoolboys 16 years or over who are not registered with the Unemployment Insurance Commission are liable to a fine of \$500, a member of the commission stated at Toronto.

Most of the birds that migrate to and from the Canadian northlands prefer to travel at night.

MICKIE SAYS—

"THEY AIN'T NEVER HAD 'I' ORGANIZE A 'LEAGUE OF DECENCY' TO CLEAN UP 'TH' COLUMNS OF 'TH' HOME TOWN NEWS PAPERS'—EVER, THINK OF THAT?"



REG'LAR FELLERS—Three of a Kind



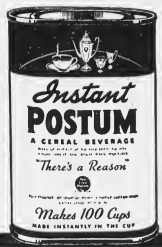
BY GENE BYRNES

How to Conserve TEA AND COFFEE

Here is a grand mealtime
beverage with a delicious,
robust flavor all its own.
Instantly made in the cup
— VERY ECONOMICAL.

POSTUM

4 oz. size makes 50 cups,
8 oz. size makes 100 cups.



"ALL THAT GLITTERS"

— By —
ANNE TEDLOCK BROOKS

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ransome Todd's heart gave a great leap and continued beating jerkily as he watched the slender girl mount the steps to enter the airliner. He had known Tamar if he were wearing a mask instead of those dark glasses, he thought happily.

He stole a quick glance about the group assembled at the gate. No one accompanied Tamar to the entrance. There was a quick racing of the motor, the engine roared and the great silver ship was off down the runway. He caught a glimpse of a white face pressed against a window and the lift of a slender white hand. She had seen him then.

Ranny moved out of the dimming throng and went into the terminal building. He had come to check with the men in the control tower the number of transient ships, hoping to find some clue for the plane that had carried Tamar away. There had been a call from Taylor today, telling of a reservation that had been made and the ticket sent out by a private pilot to an inn.

The FBI man had been checking with the airfields on transients and reservations. He had played a hunch that the kidnapper was using his plane to make his contact with Knox Randolph for the ransom, and in all likelihood would see that Tamar returned by plane.

The records in the police files showed only three Louie's of all those investigated who had private flying licenses. That narrowed the number down considerably. Of course, the man would be using an alias, though, and throw them off the track.

The reservation had been made for a Mrs. Arthur James. Nothing unusual about the name, and until Ranny saw Tamar he had thought it might be only a very thin thread of a pattern they were trying to weave together to make a complete design.

He stopped at the public telephone and put in a call for Shadwell. The first thing he must do was to let Tamar's father know that she was safely on board the plane bound for Atlanta.

The long-distance operator said the line was busy and he had to wait for a moment. He saw a girl in the next booth talking earnestly into the telephone. He guessed that she was sending a wire as he watched her read from a paper. She was small and pretty with blonde curls framing her oval face.

Even through the glass he could see that she seemed nervous. She hurried out of the door and across the lobby. Ranny's call was put through and he had Knox Randolph on the wire. "I have just seen Tamar enter an airliner for Atlanta," he said in a shaking voice.

"Yes," said Randolph. "Tamar told the hostess who she is and the radio operator called the local police. I just had the message. I'm meeting the plane at Atlanta. Dick is flying me up."

"I'll be on hand, too," Ranny shouted.

You GIRLS WHO SUFFER DYSMENORRHEA

If you suffer monthly cramps, backache, distress of "irregularities," nervousness—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets (with added iron). Made especially for women. They also help build up red blood. Made in Canada.

Two hours later the airliner with Tamar on board was set down on the ribbon of concrete at the Atlanta field. The gates were thronged with reporters and bystanders who gave a wild cheer as Tamar appeared in the doorway of the plane.

Police stood by, hands on holsters. Tamar was so weak with sheer nervous exhaustion that her feet crumpled and refused to move as she took the first step.

Strong arms gathered her up. "Tamar!" A vice-like grip pulled her to a rough tweed-clad chest and giant strides carried her past the curious.

Tamar laughed to keep from crying. It was heavenly to be with Dad and Ranny. And good old Dick Sheridan in the front seat with the driver.

"Where are we going?" she managed presently.

"I'm taking you to a hotel. You're going to get about 12 hours sleep before you go back home."

"Oh, but, Dad, please don't. I want to get back to Shadwell. I've never wanted to see home so badly in all my life as I have the last two days. Let's go home, Dad."

"Are you flying back with me, Ranny?" Dick asked, turning in the seat. "It's not far to Tahliaheka by plane." Ranny looked at Tamar. He had held her briefly in his arms, and in that short moment knew that he would never be happy if he could not always have her.

News travels fast! Ranny thought as they pulled up before a small restaurant. He had decided that he had more work to do before he could go back to Tahliaheka. For one thing, he must go and telephone the office at Tahliaheka. Randolph had barely had time to say that a wire had come from Atlanta just as he left the house stating that Tamar was on the transport. The wire was being traced as he left. Perhaps Tamar would have some definite news about it.

Tamar drank hot coffee and ate a thin sandwich. "It's good, but I'm too excited to eat," she said. "May I call Phoebe and have her get dinner?"

In another moment she could hear the sound of Phoebe's warm voice ejaculating and sobbing with joy. Tamar could see her there in the wide old hall with its walnut paneling, her feet spread and head wagging in its bright red kerchief. As it would be scratching his back on the open kitchen door and grinning with delight.

"We'll be home for dinner, Phoebe!"

"Ah, knowed it. Honey. Ah's so happy mah black hands is playing Hallelujah on de sides of my kettles. De whole house am a singin'. Chile, we is waitin'!"

Tamar's blue eyes glistened with tears and the color had started back into her pale cheeks. Ranny had studied her closely all of the way into town. He must get them started before the reporters got to her. She was in no condition to talk about her experience just now.

He had chartered a private plane and flown down to Atlanta, getting there just before the airliner landed. He had counted on its stops giving him time to beat it in to the field. His pilot was still waiting, in case he wanted to go back to the first field.

A few minutes later they were all on their way again. Ranny called Taylor, who asked him to come on at once to Tahliaheka, flying down with Richard.

Tamar's dark head nodded on her father's shoulder as they left Atlanta. The driver of the rented car kept the speed down until they left the traffic. He began to open it up now and they were speeding toward Tahliaheka and Shadwell.

Tamar looked up once to find her father's eyes upon her, anxiety written on his face. She could see the marks of sleeplessness and the fine lines etched on his brow. The gray above his temples was spreading fast now, and these past few days had done him any good.

"Dad, I'm so sorry that you worried about me."

"Let's not mention it for a while, Tamar. I'm so thankful to have you back safely."

"Did you pay ransom?" Randolph smiled. "You won't be put off, I can see. I'd have given everything I owned or ever hope to own to keep one hair of your dear head unharmed. It was not that costly. In fact, the abductor was very lenient. I put a hundred thousand in bills of large denominations in a metal strong box and placed it in the hollow of the shaft at the saddle horses' graves. Tahliaheka I, you know."

"Was it removed?" Tamar asked, her eyes wide. Some one who had known the estate of Shadwell had suggested that place! Who in the world would know that there was a hollow in the base of the tall white shaft? And why, of all places, would any one risk coming to Shadwell for the ransom?

"Yes, the money was removed some time during the night or early morning. I went down to the cemetery the first thing this morning after daylight. It was gone. Tamar, some one knew that shaft was hollow."

"It couldn't have been Louie, Dad. Why, he was a stranger here, I know. He simply couldn't have known such a small detail as that."

Knox Randolph shook his head. "I hardly think, though, that he would trust any one else with the money. I drove into Atlanta yesterday to get it ready."

Tamar was silent. Louie could not have taken the money from Tahliaheka. It's shaft because at that time he was sound asleep in the cabin at the foot of the mountain where she was held captive. He had an accomplice. Now there were three mixed up in it. There, Louie and some one who knew Shadwell.

Taylor was waiting for them at Shadwell. Dick's plane had landed sooner, and Ranny and he had already talked with the investigator.

Tamar looked hungrily about the terraces and the open vista that stretched down toward the Cheakamus. It was late afternoon and shadows of the great trees were already darkening the rolling land.

The confusion of waddling geese, clacking guineas and the sight of waiting police threw Tamar into a nervous tension once more. She wanted to get up to her room and close her door and lie on her big four-poster bed.

She wanted to see the movement of the sheer white curtains blowing in and out of the casements and catch the hands of her clock creep slowly about its funny old face the clock that had watched the first Tamar Randolph in this same room for so many years.

She wanted to walk softly in that room that had belonged to Maria Randolph, and which would indelibly carry that dear possessor till its walls crumbled.

Something gripped her as she took the turn at the first landing of the stairs. Her lips froze and her slender body grew taut. She and Christopher had once stood by the shaft of the famous race horse, the week he had spent here. She had thrust her hand in the hollow at the base and said: "Ranny and I used this for our mailbox years ago."

(To Be Continued)

SAILORS SAVE CHURCH

St. Martin-at-Oak church, Norwich, was saved from complete destruction in a recent raid by two passing sailors, who fought the flames until overcome by fumes. Damage included all the windows—one by Zahed was 120 years old—and a good deal of tracery. Repairs will cost £700. St. Benedict Gate, on the west side of the city, and an old postbox house were swept away by a direct hit.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:



Associated Screen News Photo, Montreal. Plates courtesy Monetary Times, Toronto.

A well-traveled motor car climbs up the wall of a 200-foot canyon in the Canadian Rockies! In a series of hairpin turns, the famous Switchback of Yoho National Park reaches a greater height for its length than any other road in the Dominion. An Associated Screen "Did You Know That" movie short pictures the road.

Are Real Nuisance

So Called Wild Animals Bother Men At African Airports

Spain may have its Ferdinand the Bull, but Africa has its Ferdinand the Lion. A flier knows. He met him. Major Thomas Dawson is thankful to be alive to tell this story. It seems that he'd just landed his plane at Sunday, Africa, when a big lion dashed up and slugged him with his paw. A British officer called.

"Hit him back. He wants to play." Major Dawson hit him. But the lion came back like a playful dog, grabbed his arm in his mouth, apparently in a friendly gesture. Then he let go and scampered away.

As a matter of fact, Major Dawson reports that so-called wild animals of all kinds are a nuisance around African airports.

They're a bother, he says, not because of their ferocity, but because of their tameness.

At one airport, a full-grown giraffe wandered all over the place. In many places deer are as tame as goats. And at one landing field they had to chase away a herd of elephants before they could land.

Dawson asked a British officer what would happen if the elephants decided not to shoot. The officer replied:

"We never have any trouble unless there are young with them. Then we just stay in the air until they decide to leave."

SMILE AWHILE

Teacher—What's a Grecian urn?
Jimmie—That all depends on what he does.

Conductor—You should wait until the car stops, madame.

Fair Passenger—That's all you know about it! I have an accident policy that hasn't paid me a cent yet.

Yield.

London Water—How did you find the steak, sir?

Shelley Diner—I just pushed aside my two peas and there it was.

You know, Ethel, you've no idea how I worry when you're away."

"Oh, you shouldn't do that. I always come back, don't I?"

"Yes, that's what I worry about."

"Your voice is decidedly raspy this morning," complained the colonel.

"I know, sir," answered the lieutenant. "I've been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."

"Charles is marrying again, I hear."

"So they say. And from all accounts his second wife will make either a lively stepmother for the children."

"A sort of watch-your-stepmother, I suppose."

"Did you see how pleased Mrs. Smith looked when I told her that she did not look a day older than her daughter?"

"I didn't notice. I was too busy watching the expression on her daughter's face!"

Pat finished work at the pit. When he put on his coat he noticed his mates laughing at him. Wondering what was wrong, he took it off again and saw a donkey's head chalked on it.

"Bogorra," he exclaimed, "some smart lad has dried his face on my coat!"

Judge—And you call yourself a peace-loving man?

Defendant—I do, Your Honor.

Judge—Even after you slugged Casey on the jaw?

Defendant—Yes, Your Honor. I never saw Casey so peaceful as just after I hit him.

All-Bran Pecan Muffins Substitute For Dessert



So good are these tender-textured, nut-filled bran muffins that they take the place of sugar-consuming desserts, when served piping hot with fresh sweet butter and preserves. Try them some night when you're having a light supper and need something hearty to serve as a "filler-upper." Here's the recipe:

All-Bran Pecan Muffins

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons shortening | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 cup flour |
| 1 egg | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup All-Bran | 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder |
| | 1/2 cup pecan meats |

Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs and beat until creamy. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let scum until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add with the nut meats, to first mixture, and stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full; bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees F.) 30 minutes.

Yield: Eight muffins 3 inches in diameter or 12 muffins 2 1/2 inches in diameter

Tagging The Beast

The Terrors Of Hitler's Bloody Tortures. Of The Most Horrible Kind

There is no crime against humanity too base to be committed by the "Beast of Berchtesgaden." His twisted soul seems to delight in tortures of the most horrible kind. Nothing like it has ever been known in modern times. Not even the massacres of innocent Armenians by the "Terrible Turk" approaches the terrors of Hitler's bloody pogroms. He has turned Europe into a shambles. He glories in his saturnalia of wholesale slaughter.

This is the demon in human form who aspires to rule the world. What he has done in Europe is a sample of what would happen in America, if he ever succeeded in conquering this hemisphere. His diabolical hatred would be vented upon countless thousands of innocent men and women.

The most depraved imagination cannot picture the tortures and torments we would have to suffer if Hitler wins this war.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Trumpeter For Royalty

Canadian Who Played For Their Majesties Dies In Toronto

Alfred Stevens, 43, personal trumpeter for the King and Queen on their royal visit to Toronto, died at his Bonnie Brae Blvd., East York, home after a lengthy illness. He suffered a sunstroke while playing at the C.N.E. two years ago and has been in ill-health since.

Mr. Stevens travelled ahead of the royal train when their majesties visited Canada, and played fanfares with the Royal Canadian Artillery band at all stopping places. In the fanfares he was featured as a soloist. In 1927 he played a solo for the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, when he visited Toronto.

The undersea continental shelf that runs from Newfoundland to Florida slopes gradually to its edge and then drops off abruptly into 1,500 fathoms depth.

HOME SERVICE

BRIGHT FOOTSTOOL COVER YOU CAN WEAVE YOURSELF



Fun to Make on Simple Loom. Ah, luxury! A gaily woven, sturdy footstool cover to give the man of the house a feeling of delicious comfort!

You weave it easily from strips of bright cloth in harmonizing colors—perhaps a flowered fabric for the centre and a darker for the borders. Fold strips to 1-inch width.

Four wooden slats nailed together, with strips of burlap tacked to the two longer sides, form the simple loom.

Up and down, through the burlap strips, you thread a weaving band (warp) of heavy twine. Then double a strip of the cloth (weft) the long way. Set fold against upper left warp thread running one end of strip under twine and the other over it.

This double weaving gives an attractive braided effect. You bring the upper half under the second warp and the lower half up, crossing this latter half over the weft just used, bringing it over second warp and under third.

You'll find exact details of making this luxurious footstool cover in our 32-page booklet. Also, tell how to weave charming evening bag, matching bracelet and belt, scarf, knitting bag, coasters, other novelties. Send life in coins for your copy of "How to Weave Useful Novelties" to Home Service Dept., Winnipig News-Paper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and name of booklet.

Just Arrived

We recently received a small shipment of Cameras
JEFFY KODAK, 616 \$11.75
JUNIOR KODAK, 620 \$12.00

Velvex 25c

The ideal method for removing unwanted hair from arms and legs.

Duration Leg Do 45c

Let this leg paint take the place of stockings.
 Economical and Patriotic.

Be fresh and dainty in the summer heat, use ARRID. 39c

H. C. McBURNEY

Druggist and Stationer Main Street, Coleman
 Agent for the Blaimore Greenhouses

C.G.E. Refrigerators

Probably the last for the duration.
Prices Are Very Moderate

We also have a few

G. E. Washing Machines

and a limited supply of G. E. RADIOS

— SEE THEM NOW AT —

Pattinson's Hardware Store

Phone 180 for Orders Large or Small - Service Unexcelled

Summer Needs

INSECTICIDES

SHELLTUX 35c and 55c
 FLY COIL 25c and 50c
 FLY COILS, 2 for 5c

MOTH REPELLENTS

DI-CHLORICIDE, per lb. 60c PARACIDE, per lb. 50c
 MOTH BALLS, per lb. 45c HAVOC, per lb. 50c

HAYSON'S DRUG STORE

AGENT FOR FRACHE BROS., FLORISTS

Telephone 261 Main Street, Coleman

PALACE THEATRE

HIGH-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT

Program For Coming Week

Thursday and Friday, July 23 and 24

DOUBLE PROGRAM

Lionel BARRYMORE and Lew AYRES, in

"PEOPLE vs. KILDARE"

also Bill BOYD and HOP-A-LONG CASSIDY, in
"Pirates on Horseback"

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, July 25, 27 and 28

JOAN CRAWFORD, in

"A WOMAN'S FACE"

also NOVELTY and NEWS

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 29, 30 and 31

DOUBLE PROGRAM

JIMMY GLEASON, in

"TANKS A MILLION"

also JANE WITHERS, in

"SMALL TOWN DEB"

Cole's Theatre, Bellevue

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, July 25, 27 and 28

DON AMACHE and BETTY GRABLE

— in —

'Moon Over Miami'

an ALL TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL

also NOVELTY and NEWS

Local News

Miss Alice Simla is now employed at Jimmie's Coffee Shop.

Miss D. Carruthers is spending a three or four weeks holiday at Vancouver.

The Misses Peggy and Florence McDonald spent a few days at Calgary last week.

Miss Umie Johnson left Tuesday evening for a two weeks holiday at Calgary.

Mr. Hugh Dunlop, Margaret and Hughie returned from a holiday at Sylvan Lake.

Pte. William Balloch, R.C.N., returned to the coast Saturday after two weeks furlough spent here with his father and brother.

Mrs. E. Farrell, of Cayley, returned to her home last week after spending a pleasant holiday at Coleman and in the Pass.

A wire received Wednesday from Miss Frela Antrobus states that she has won the Toronto Conservatory of Music Singing Scholarship for 1942-43.

Born—To Leading Stoker and Mrs. H. Hutton, at the home of Mrs. Hutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nash, Coleman, a daughter, Beverly Anne, on Wednesday, July 22.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Snider and daughter, Lena, left by car Monday to spend a weeks holiday at Edmonton. On their return Mary Snider expects to accompany them for a three weeks holiday at her home here.

Mrs. T. Burns, now of Vancouver, has returned to Coleman for a visit. She resided here fifteen years ago and is well known among the old timers, and is the guest of Mrs. I. A. James for a week.

A large crowd attended the picnic Sunday, held at the farm of Philip Musil, Elk Valley, under the auspices of the Ukrainian Society. Frank Edle's orchestra was in attendance and a few sporting events were indulged in.

Due to the inability of Coleman to field their regular team the Blaimore boys took an easy verdict over the local boys in a regular scheduled hard ball game on Wednesday evening. The score was 11 to 4 for Blaimore. Gordon Root for Coleman made the best bit of the night, driving the ball out of the lot for an easy home run.

Many of the Coleman people will remember Miss Adele Whiteside who resided here at one time with her family. Word has come of the birth of a fine baby boy, John Orton, to her and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Wocker, on July 7, at Sarnia, Ontario.

Rev. A. E. Arrol and family, who are holidaying at Nelson, B.C., write that it is a very pleasant and restful place to spend a vacation. They mention having met Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fairhurst, of Coleman, who are holidaying there for a few weeks.

Among the boys receiving their call, during the last few days, for medical examination prior to service in the forces are: Michael Joseph Kulig, Lawrence Jankulak, John Goldring, Joseph Czech, Tom Flynn, E. W. Dibble, Jr., Ronald Pife, Bert Cyr, Frank Booth, Alexander Blazenko, S. W. Boldis and W. A. Gervais.

It will be of interest to many of the United church here to know that Rev. Geo. W. Kerby, D.D., L.L.D., of Calgary, who was our anniversary preacher on April 19 of this year, celebrated his 82nd birthday Saturday, July 18. Because of illness he celebrated it at the general hospital, Calgary, but his many friends trust he will soon enjoy good health again.

Mrs. Geo. Evans and son, Lance, just returned from a three weeks holiday at Vancouver and Victoria where they have been visiting their son, Henry, and his wife. Henry is in the navy, stationed at Victoria. Mrs. Evans mentioned having called on Mrs. Geo. Hope, formerly of Coleman, and now at the coast.

The secretary of the local branch of the Red Cross Society, Jas. Park, received recently a letter of congratulation from the Alberta commissioner, Lt.-Col. D. H. Tomlinson, of Calgary, for the response of the people of Coleman in the recent Red Cross financial campaign. This branch exceeded its allocation by approximately 30 per cent and forwarded \$1,000 to the branch at Calgary.

May Ramsay, now stationed at Claresholm airport, spent last week-end with her parents and friends at Coleman.

Mrs. Peter Smith and daughter, Madge, have been spending a few weeks at Sylvan Lake. Mr. Smith spent about ten days there, returning last week. Pete claims that being a grass widower isn't so hot, as he doesn't like "batching." He gets too lonesome, and it's no fun singing to oneself.

Mrs. Lillian Gray and Mr. Leslie Laithwaite, accompanied by Mr. Don Bush, all of Nelson, B.C., spent the early part of last week on their way to Calgary where Mr. Leslie Laithwaite was taking medical examination for the Air Force. Mrs. Lillian Gray contemplates a holiday at Coleman during August.

Major-Gen. Chaney



C-in-C American Forces in the British Isles

Major-General James E. Chaney, commanding the United States Army Forces in the British Isles, first came to England in May, 1941, as an army observer in charge of a special group of U.S.A. army experts. He is one of America's pioneer airmen of the last war, and is still rated as both combat pilot and observer in the U.S.A. Army Air Corps. This is a recent portrait of Major-General J. E. Chaney.

In Memoriam

IN MEMORIAM

BELL—In Loving Memory of my dear husband, Joseph (Joe) Fox Bell, who passed away on July 19, 1932. Unseen, unheard, but always near. Loved, remembered, and ever dear. —Sadly missed by his loving wife and family at Nanaimo, B.C. and Edmonton, Alta.

IN MEMORIAM

SETLA—In Loving Memory of our beloved husband and father, Michael Setla, who died July 27, 1941.

"We saw you fading like a flower, But could not make you stay. We nursed you with tender kindness"

Until God called you away. Oh, father dear, we loved you, And our hearts ache for you still; Forgotten by some others, But by us you never will."

—Sadly missed by his wife and son, and Blanche, George and grandchildren.

Canning and Preserving

Our supplies are ample to look after all your Preserving Requirements.

SEALERS

Pints, per dozen \$1.20 Quarts, per dozen \$1.35
 Half Gallons, per dozen \$1.95

ZINC RINGS - RUBBER RINGS - KERR TOPS

CANNERS - STRAINERS - LADLES

COLEMAN 2-BURNER GASOLINE STOVES \$8.50

Coleman Hardware and Furniture Co.

W. DUTIL, Mgr.

Phone 68

Difference of Opinion
 Husband: "Darling, do you realize that if you knew how to cook we'd save money?"

Wife: "Yes, dear, and if you knew how to save money we would keep a cook."

Surprised

Mrs. M.: "I got your letter yesterday, but I was surprised to see that it was dated next week."

Mrs. R.: "Really? My husband must have mailed it the day I gave it to him."—Pathfinder.

Help your country to victory—enlist now!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

CARETAKER WANTED: For the I.O.O.F. hall. All applications to be in by the 30th day of July, 1942. Apply to Mrs. R. Vincent, secretary.

FOR SALE—Fruit Farm in Wynndel, B.C., 2 acres, all in A-1 condition, 30 young fruit trees, soft fruits, garden, etc. Irrigation, modern 7 roomed house, barn, chicken houses, garage. Situated one quarter mile from Highway, C.P.R. station, P.O. School and store. Price \$1600.00 cash. —Mrs. Helen Davidge, Wynndel, B.C.

FOR SALE: 4-room house, stucco, plastered walls, furnace, full basement, light and water installations. Willing to sell furnished if desired. \$1,250 cash for house only. Apply to Geo. Woitichowicz, or Journal Office.

Take part of your change in WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

from YOUR GROCERY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES—ALSO RESTAURANTS BANKS AND POST OFFICES



The finest gem from Seagram's treasure chest of aged whiskies now comes to you in a new setting—the original old-fashioned whisky bottle.
 25 oz. \$3.80 40 oz. \$5.65

Seagram & Sons Limited - Toronto, Ont.
 This Advertisement is not inserted by the Alberta Liquor Control Board, or by the Government of the Province of Alberta.

Fine Distinctions
 Mistress: "Nora, I understand that you have a model husband."
 Nora: "Shure, mum, he's the finest a girl could have. If you could see the way he trites me, mum, y'd be after saying he were a friend instid of a husband."

Figure It Out!
 "Why, sometimes I'm taken for my own daughter."
 "Nonsense! You don't look old enough to have daughter so old."

CARIBOU IN CANADA'S NATIONAL PARKS



The mountain caribou of Jasper National Park in Alberta, and Glacier and Mount Revelstoke National Parks in British Columbia, is very seldom seen by those whose travels are confined to the motorways. In the summer it lives mostly above timberline, on high alpine meadows far from the roads rather than on the steep slopes overlooking them. In winter it comes down into the woods. Park wardens on their lonely roads and others whom the spirit of adventure takes back into the hills, find a great deal of pleasure in watching the behaviour of caribou herds. The mountain caribou living in the Selkirk and part of the Rockies, is undoubtedly a close relation of the woodland caribou of the forest farther east. Some herds of woodland caribou range into Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan.